

Good Morning

99

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

RED CLAW OF CARRION CROW

A FARMER named Powell, whose fields lay between Middle Stretton and Gaulby, in Leicestershire, was walking along a lane one July evening in 1919 when he saw a girl lying on a grassy bank. Her bicycle was by her side, and she was dead, with a wound in her head.

Her name, it was discovered after the alarm was given, was Annie Bella Wright, called Bella by her friends, daughter of a labourer who lived at Stoughton. She worked in an indiarubber factory.

With that discovery there were revealed a set of circumstances that thrilled England; and kept England guessing.

Exhibit No. 1 is the doctor who made a rough examination of the body and the injury. It seemed to him that the girl had fallen from her bicycle by accident and so died.

Exhibit No. 2 is a young policeman named Hall, of the Leicestershire Constabulary. Everybody accepted the theory of "accident"—except Hall. He investigated the spot, going to that lonely stretch of road in the early hours of the following morning, July 20th.

Exactly seventeen feet from where the girl was discovered he found a bullet, stamped into the road by a horse's hoof.

Quite close to the spot he saw a white gate leading to a field. On the topmost bar was a strange mark. It was the print of a bird's claw—in red. The red was blood.

Hall went over the gate, and found, in the field, another dead body. This was the body of an enormous crow, its feathers dabbled with blood.

So far—good. Sounds like Sherlock Holmes in policeman's uniform, doesn't it? But not quite Sherlock Holmes, as I propose to show.

P.C. Hall left the dead crow and hurried back to Stoughton with the bullet. The bullet was found to fit exactly to the wound in Bella Wright's head. The doctor made another examination and changed his first theory. The police began to search for the murderer who had killed Bella Wright with a revolver shot.

The crow vanishes

What of the dead crow? A theory—nobody knows who started it—was that the crow had found the dead or dying girl, and, being a carrion crow, had gorged itself on the blood from the wound, rested on the white gate, and then dropped dead from over-feeding. The public gulped it up.

But the police were not interested in the crow. They wanted the man who fired that shot. The carrion crow, as an exhibit in the mystery, vanished, and a hunt for a murderer was on.

Information accumulated in the police dossier. It was established that Bella Wright had called, during her cycle run, on

her uncle, Mr. Measures, in the village of Gaulby, and that she had ridden part of the way towards Leicester accompanied by a young man who was riding a green bicycle.

Mr. Measures had seen this man waiting for his niece, and Bella had said he was a stranger to her, but had spoken to her as they were both going the same way. Mr. Measures saw them both mount their cycles and ride off.

The police set themselves to find the man who had the green-painted bicycle. In the public mind the man who rode that green bike was a murderer. It was not easy for the police to get their objective; but the police are great plodders who achieve results where the brilliance of Sherlock Holmes may stumble.

The green bicycle

The police plodded through that July, August, September, October, November and December. January, 1920, came and went; but in February a barge-man working his way along a canal had his tow-rope fouled. And up from the mud came a green bicycle.

The police examined it. The outer identification marks had been filed off. But makers place other marks on bicycles, and this one had been made by

the Birmingham Small Arms Company. It was comparatively easy after that established fact to trace the bicycle's movements. It had gone to Mr. Orton, a Leicester dealer. His books were consulted.

Ultimately the police called on Ronald Light, a young man who had only a month or so previously taken up a post as mathematical master at Dean Close School, Cheltenham. His home, before that, was in Leicester, with his widowed mother.

At first Light denied having bought a green bicycle. He was told that trader Orton's records showed he had bought one in 1910. Then Light said he had sold it. To whom? He began to contradict himself; became confused; stammered; admitted things; and finally was arrested and charged with Bella Wright's murder.

His defence was, yes, he had met Bella Wright on the evening in question. He had been cycling home when he saw her tinkering with her bicycle and he had stopped and offered his help. It was her free-wheel that was the trouble. His own bicycle was not in very good shape, but he advised her to go slowly, and he would accompany her to Leicester.

When she called at her uncle's cottage (he said), she had told him she would not be more than ten minutes. In her absence he discovered he had a puncture, and this he mended; then she joined him, and the uncle saw them ride off together.

But, at a fork in the road, Bella had told him that she did not now live in Leicester (which was true), and she was leaving him. He continued his way alone, but his bike gave him more trouble, and he was late in arriving home.

Analysis of defence

His reply to the murder charge was "Absurd!" But why had he disposed of his green bicycle, and where was

people in their homes and at their work in factories and fire stations.

Dr. Gorton said later, "I thought it better for the fire-fighters to be seated this morning. They were going to stand to pray, but it was easier for them to sit."

"I should not try to revolutionise our methods of prayer, and I do not suggest this should be done in churches."

The Bishop was assisted by the Rev. George Bennett, the only official N.F.S. padre in the country, who wears N.F.S. uniform with a clergyman's collar and black cravat.

STUART MARTIN SOLVES THIS UNSOLVED CRIME

the Service revolver he was known to possess?

The defence to the charge was psychological.

Ronald Light had fought in the 1914 war, having a commission in the Engineers. In 1918 he was invalided home, suffering from shell-shock. Previous to the war he had been a draughtsman and he had always suffered from "nerves," more or less. The doctors had advocated as much fresh air as possible, and for that reason he had begun cycling again on his green bicycle.

Not until after the finding of the body of Bella Wright and the "hunt for the owner of the green bicycle" began did he realise how he might be implicated. He got scared, filed the identification marks off the bike, and put it and his revolver into the canal.

I remember Sir Frank Froest, one-time Chief of the C.I.D., telling me that it was usually the innocent men who got excited when tackled about a crime. The guilty ones were mostly cool enough. And if ever there was a case of a scared man doing foolish things it was Ronald Light.

Had he gone straight to the police and said: "I met the girl, I own the green bike, I will tell you all I know," all would have been well. But he didn't. He gave way to fears and panic; and that led to lies and contradictions.

Truth will Tell

I wish to emphasise this in case you are ever in a similar position. If you ever are, then tell the police everything. Nobody can rock you back on your heels if you tell the whole truth.

Ronald Light was found Not Guilty at his trial. He deserved that verdict. He may have been foolish, but he was no murderer. The prosecution could not produce a motive.

He did not have his revolver with him that evening. His fault was that he lost his nerve and panicked.

But who killed Bella Wright? In an account published some time ago it was mentioned that a "well-known novelist" who visited the scene had written a fiction story based on the occurrence, and this fiction story "probably hit upon the true explanation of the mystery."

With all due modesty, may I say that I wrote such a story? I mention this here because I believe I know how Bella Wright died. It is the only theory, to my mind, that covers the facts.

Who fired the shot?

The bullet might have been fired from a Service revolver; but it was proved that it might also have been fired from a rifle. Suppose somebody was out rabbit-shooting, or bird-shooting. On the white gate a big crow rested. A sitting bird!

From far across the field the man with the rifle fired. The bullet went right through the crow—and struck Bella Wright, who was cycling past at the moment. The bullet was found seventeen feet from her body. A spent bullet!

Did the man who fired that shot come to see the dead crow . . . and seeing Bella Wright dead . . . make for home? He is just as likely to have had a scare as Ronald Light.

He must remain another unknown in crime annals.

As for the newspaper gory story of "the bird gorged with blood" . . . Bunk! Carrion birds don't die of over-eating.

Proof of all this would have been available if P.C. Hall, amateur Sherlock Holmes, had lifted the dead crow and taken it for examination. Very good of P.C. Hall to have found the bullet. Very good. But not quite Sherlock Holmes.



UNDER this same tree, an acacia, many years ago, Lewis Carroll sat writing. He had been watching his family playing croquet on the lawn around him. From these writings came his famous "Alice in Wonderland."

This scene, taken recently, shows one of the village children of Croft, near Darlington, reading the famous book, seated under the same tree. In the background is the rectory, former home of Lewis Carroll,

who lived there from the age of eleven.

Many children in this lovely old village are named after Carroll. This little boy is James Carroll Headen, and judging by his eight-years-old sister's interest her mind is in wonderland, too.

One can well imagine the mystery of Wonderland, when gazing at this lovely old tree, with its peculiar and fascinating shapes . . .

I get around



At a London terminus the other day I said good-bye to Miss Josephine Baker, famous cabaret queen of pre-war Paris.

Josephine is the latest recruit to ENSA, and has gone to the Mediterranean within twenty-four hours of signing her contract.

She is a lovely girl and has every reason to hate the Nazis.

When I mentioned sub-mariners she looked sad. The reason I learned later was that "some very close relations were in French Submarines and were shot by the Hun for mutiny."

"But," she lisped, "I have great feeling for men of the submarines. When I am at the Mediterranean ports I shall perhaps sing for some of them. Will you ask them, please, to come and speak to me? I will see they are well looked after."

Among artists who have

By Ronald Richards

already arrived in North Africa, or who are expected shortly, are George Formby, Will Fyffe, Leslie Henson, Dorothy Dickson, Vivien Leigh and Beatrice Lillie.

IT is seldom that three consecutive cases at one Police Court provide as many titters in the public gallery. Last week, though, this did occur.

The first case, which to me was clearly an example of "out of the frying pan into the fire," ended thus:

"My wife told me to go to the devil, so I went and stayed with her parents for a few days until she came to collect me."

Another husband in distress said, "Since my wife had her medical for the ATS and was told she had a fine physique, she has become a bit too aggressive for my liking."

The third, which was definitely on the brighter side, is taken from the lips of a rather robust and toothless squaw: "My husband wouldn't be as

absurd if only he'd realise that there is such a thing as a woman's point of view."

THIS message, which I presume to be a good thing, might interest you. It comes from an official communiqué:

While Soviet armies are busy with their offensive against the Germans, Russian astronomers are still studying the heavens and contributing scientific data to other astronomers.

A message from Engelhardt Observatory says that Professor Dubiagoff had "independently identified the comet Oterma 2."

DO you mind sitting? I am sure one can pray better sitting down," said Dr. Neville Gorton, the Bishop of Coventry, during a service for men and women fire-fighters at the N.F.S. station, Coventry.

The Bishop said that religion in future would be brought to



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Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—61

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after DDLESO, and make a word.

2. Mix the letters of CHEER and TWINS to make an English city.

3. Change BOOT into TREE, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.

Change in the same way : BULL into BEEF, PIGS into PORK, PEAS into PODS.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word TELEVISION ?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 60

1. DECODE.

2. MARMOSET.

3. REST, PEST, PERT, PART, CART, CARE, CURE.

THIS, THIN, THAN, THAT, COON, CORN, MORN, MORE, LORE, LONE, LONG, SONG.

LATE, BATE, BATS, BETS, PETS, PEWS, NEWS.

4. Peel, Tone, Note, Hone, Heel, Poet, Tope, Help, Holt, Hope, Hole, Lone, Lope, Pole, Lent, Pent, Plot, etc.

Lethe, Ethel, Helot, Thole, Hotel, Phone, Helen, etc.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in COMMANDER, and not LIEUTENANT, My second is in MASTHEAD, as well as PENNANT.

My third is in SHELL-HOLE, though not in CRATER, My fourth is in LUNCHEON, not in WAITER, My fifth is in TUNIS and LAMPEDUSA,

My sixth is in GUNBOAT, but not in CRUISER, My seventh is in CARTRIDGE, but not in RIFLE, My final's in CARTLOAD, and so not in TRIFLE.

(Answer on Page 3)

ODD CORNER

IT used to be thought that whales live to a great age, but it has recently been discovered that they seldom live longer than twenty years. Horses and donkeys are much longer lived, and a donkey which died in 1932 scored a record for his race at 40.

The oldest horse on record was Old Billy, who died at the age of 62, but though a horse is usually reckoned to be old at 20, there was recently working for the United Dairies a horse in perfect health at 38. Horses frequently live to 30, and Shetland ponies to 40. A Shetland pony in Leicestershire recently died at 45, while a Northampton pony was still pulling a trolley at 52.

The largest horse that ever lived did farm work in Danbury, Connecticut, U.S.A. He was 21 hands high, and weighed more than 1½ tons. The horse with the longest tail on record was "Kranich," presented to Count Anthon Gunther of Oldenburg in the 16th century. His tail measured 20½ feet long, and his mane 16½ feet.

Kranich was presented to the Count by a band of counterfeiters whom he had surprised at their work, in return for 100 years' immunity from the law to all the counterfeiters in Oldenburg. His tail is preserved in Copenhagen, and his mane in Oldenburg.



By HERMAN MELVILLE

could not for any length of time conceal my existence from them. But what reason had I to suppose that I should be spared until such an event occurred—an event which might be postponed by a hundred different contingencies?

"Marnoo, Marnoo pemi!" Such were the welcome sounds which fell upon my ear some ten days after the event related in the preceding episode. Once more the approach

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



AFRICA UNDER A HAT.

There are two high spots in this picture. No. 1 is the enormous hat the woman wears as she hands out sweetmeats to her customer. No. 2 is the baby the customer is wearing wrapped round his middle. The "shop" is near the lady's back door, so she can transfer the stock rapidly when closing time arrives. As for the location, we forgot to mention that it is in Africa—in Accra, in fact.

A thousand times I endeavoured to account for the mysterious conduct of the natives. For what conceivable purpose did they thus retain me as a captive? What could be their object in treating me with such apparent kindness, and did it not cover some treacherous scheme? Or, if they had no other design than to hold me a prisoner, how should I be able to pass away the time?

All that night I lay awake, revolving in my mind the fearful situation in which I was placed. The last horrid revelation had now been made, and the full sense of my condition rushed upon my mind with a force I had never before experienced.

Where, thought I, desponding, is there the slightest prospect of escape? The only person who seemed to possess the ability to assist me was the stranger, Marnoo;

but would he ever return to the



One only hope remained to me. The French could not long defer a visit to the bay, and if they should permanently locate any of their troops in the valley, the savages

of the stranger was heralded, and the intelligence operated upon me like magic. Again I should be able to converse with him in my own language; and I resolved, at all hazards, to concert with him some scheme, however desperate, to rescue me from a condition that had now become insupportable.

As he drew near, I remembered

with many misgivings the inauspicious termination of our former interview;

and when he entered the house, I watched with intense anxiety the reception he met with from its inmates.

To my joy, his appearance was

hailed with the liveliest pleasure;

and accosting me kindly, he seated

himself by my side, and entered

into conversation with the natives

around him. It soon appeared,

QUIZ for today

2. What is a grimalkin?
2. Name two English novels left unfinished by their authors.
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: H. G. Wells, G. B. Shaw, J. S. Bach, P. G. Wodehouse, W. M. Thackeray?
4. What is the width of the English railway track?
5. Who wrote "Drink to me only with thine eyes"?
6. What is the speed of sound in air?
7. What is meant by tintinnabulation?
8. What is a champac?
9. Who was Little Billee?
10. Who was Mrs. Sarah Battle?
11. When did the Wars of the Roses begin?
12. Who was Rin Tin Tin?

Answers to Quiz

in No. 98

1. A hornets' nest.
2. (a) Hilaire Belloc, (b) Fenimore Cooper.
3. Rubens was a painter; the others were composers.
4. One shilling.
5. Two mountains at the entrance to the Mediterranean, Calpe and Abyla. Calpe is now called Gibraltar.
6. A spirit that makes its presence known by noises.
7. Without feet.
8. (a) Hydrogen, (b) Uranium.
9. Three; the first two were destroyed by fire.
10. $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + (8 \times 9)$
equals 100.
11. 1759.
12. At Mansion House Station, London Underground, July, 1856.

Who is it?

He was born near Manchester. Descended from Welsh peasant stock. Became a solicitor. Took up politics. Rose to the highest possible position in that profession. His name is associated with "Limehouse" and "Ninepence for fourpence." Still active in the political world. Has a son and a daughter in the House of Commons. Runs a farm in Surrey. Who is he?

(Answer on Page 3)

however, that on this occasion he had not any intelligence of importance to communicate. I inquired of him from whence he had last come? He replied, from Pueeaka, his native valley, and that he intended to return to it the same day.

At once it struck me that, could I but reach that valley under his protection, I might easily from thence reach Nukuheva by water; and, animated by the prospect which this plan held out, I disclosed it in a few brief words to the stranger, and asked him how it could be best accomplished.

My heart sunk within me when, in his broken English, he answered

Continued on Page 3.

HOLIDAY TOWNS

S	E	R	T	G	I	S
Y	A	Y	T	I	E	T
S	K	R	M	H	U	S
R	A	S	T	O	E	O
H	R	E	M	N	A	N
B	A	M	G	O	N	D
W	O	U	S	H	T	T
W	O	I	G	H	U	N

Here are some well-known English holiday towns, their letters are in the correct columns but not in the right lines. Can you find them?

Answers to-morrow.

JANE



PET BITT

Beelzebub Jones**Belinda****Popeye****Ruggles****Garth****TYPEE**

Continued from Page 2.

me that it could never be effected. "Kannaka no let you go nowhere," he said, "you taboo. Why you no like to stay? Plenty moee-moee (sleep)—plenty ki-ki (eat)—plenty whihenee (young girls). Oh, very good place, Typee! Suppose you no like this bay, why you come? You no hear about Typee? All

white men afraid Typee, so no white men come."

These words distressed me beyond belief; and when I again related to him the circumstances under which I had descended into the valley, and sought to enlist his sympathies in my behalf, by appealing to the bodily misery I endured, he listened to me with impatience, and cut me short by exclaiming, passionately, "Me no hear you talk any more; by Kannaka get mad, kill you and me too. No, you

see he no want you to speak to me at all!—you see—ah! by by you no mind—you get well, he kill you, eat you, hang you head up there, like Happar Kannaka. Now you listen—but no talk any more. By by I go!—you see way I go. Ah! then some night Kannaka all moee-moee (sleep)—you run away—you come Pueearka. I speak Pueearka Kannaka—he no harm you—ah! then I take you my canoe Nukuheva, and you no run away ship no more."

With these words, enforced by a vehemence of gesture I cannot describe, Marnoo started from my side, and immediately engaged in conversation with some of the chiefs who had entered the house.

It would have been idle for me to have attempted resuming the interview so peremptorily terminated by Marnoo, who was evidently little disposed to compromise his own safety by any rash endeavours to ensure mine. But the plan he had suggested struck me as one

which might possibly be accomplished, and I resolved to act upon it as speedily as possible.

Continued to-morrow.

Solution to Allied Ports.
CALCUTTA.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) BOXING & SECOND.
(b) BAGATELLE & CANON.

Answer to WHO IS IT?
LLOYD GEORGE.

THEY SAY— WHAT DO YOU SAY?

HAPPINESS.

YOU cannot take the kingdom of Happiness by storm; you can only enter it by accident when you are eagerly going somewhere else. . . . Happiness is not a house that can be built by men's hands, but a song that you hear as you pass the hedge, rising suddenly and simply into the night and dying down again.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

CHURCH-GOING.

THAT there is a decline in attendance at Church of England services is unhappily true, and we are therefore treated to the familiar criticisms which generally cancel one another out. For instance, the preaching of social reform has emptied the churches, says A. But B. has already remarked that a church which does not do this is obviously doomed to a backwater existence. . . . The truth is that the world has gone adrift and appears to be throwing its chart and compass overboard.

Bishop of Chelmsford.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

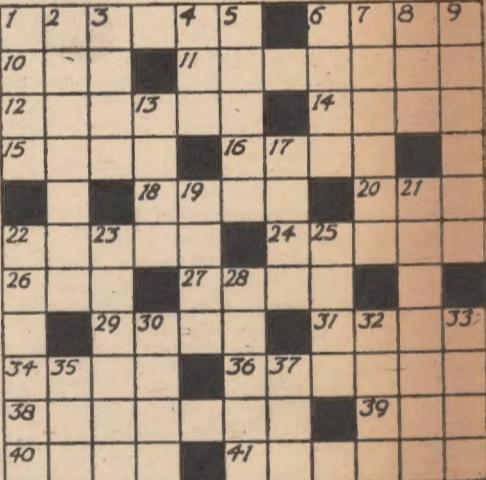
THERE is a shortage of teachers throughout the world to-day, but new techniques will help in the situation. Documentary films and the tactile aids to instruction which have been evolved in nursery schools are examples. Such new instruments of education, which may well mark an advance of human enlightenment without parallel since the invention of printing, were, unlike printing, international in scope.

J. G. Winant (American Ambassador in London).

THE FARMER.

THE man in the street—an urban street, of course—who is alone articulate on public platforms and in local political controversy, is absolutely unacquainted with the difficulties which assail an agriculturalist who has striven hard and is still striving his utmost to increase food production in the interests of his country and of all his inhabitants.

Lord Mildmay of Flete.

CROSSWORD CORNER**CLUES DOWN.**

1 Twisted wool. 3 Welsh boy's name. 4 Deer. 5 Burn surface. 6 Scrutinise. 7 Fell behind. 8 Lengthen. 9 Jams. 13 Conceal. 17 Cereal. 19 Strike out print. 21 Day-dream. 22 Trees. 23 Loose garment. 25 Detail. 28 Become liable to. 30 Look furtively. 32 Trees. 33 Hangs sideways. 35 Obtain. 37 Trouble.

CLUES ACROSS.

1	SEARCHES RAPIDLY.
2	FORAGE OAF.
3	LIMIT CREST.
4	ARAB TOE'S.
5	KEN DIVISOR.
6	H CLEMENT U.
7	STEAMER ROD.
8	W CAD LARD.
9	RIVEN WINDY.
10	ONE DREDGE.
11	TEXAS BOERS.

1 Searches rapidly. 10 Abject. 11 Forcibly. 12 Rough. 14 Old. 15 Hop stem. 16 Meas signal. 18 Notion. 20 Before. 22 Strong rope. 24 See movement. 26 Measure of length. 27 Heel. 29 Unreal. 31 Potato leaf buds. 34 Chilly condition. 36 Private. 38 Unopened flower. 39 Rebuke sharply. 40 Pace. 41 Stirs up.

LET'S HAVE
A LINE
on what you think
of 'Good Morning'
with your ideas.

Address top of
Page 4.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

MANILA CALLING

Pity we can't put you through, boys. Best thing we can do is introduce you to Carol Landis, who features in the 20th Century Fox film of that name.



Taking 'em for a ride!

But not putting them on the spot. In fact the whole point of this outsize pram is to ensure the safe transport of babies in the Dr. Barnardo's Home at Hawkhurst, Kent.



This England

Combining a holiday with food production, these visitors to Lakeland give a hand on a farm situated under the shadow of the famous Langdale Pikes, Westmorland.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Blimey, I thought they said start on three 'doubles'"

